The Heart in the Face.

It is truly remarked that so much of the heart may be read in the face that it is quite easy to tell whether a man is joyous or sad, pleasant or angry. It is not always necessary for him to say exactly how he feels, since his true feelings are expressed in his countenance, which usually tells the truth. His words may be false, and he may say what is untrue, but the index of the heart in the face tells no lies. This was all the evidence that Jacob had of his uncle Laban's ill-will towards him. His uncle had not uttered a word of censure or animosity, but he looked as if he felt unkindly. "I see," said Jacob to Rachel and Leah, "your father's countenance, that it is not towards me as before." Looks, not words, convinced him that Laban cherished hard feelings to ward him. He wanted no better proof than this—it was enough.

It is a fact that we judge more of men's dispositions by their looks than we do by their words. If we meet a stranger, we look into his face, and make some inference very soon about his character. It is said that "actions speak louder than words;" and it is just as true that looks speak louder than words. The language of looks is so explicit that even the child can read it. The babe in his mothers arms knows the difference between a smile and a frown. The former awakens a smile on his little face, while the latter extorts a cry of fear. He cannot understand the language that he hears—it is all an unknown tongue to him; but the looks he is enabled to interpret. The first book that a babe studies is his mother's face. Each smile is a lesson, and so is each shade that passes over her brow. Every day is a new leaf turned, with old lessons reviewed and new ones learned; and finally the child so well understands the maternal heart which is carried in the face, that he nestles to it as he will to no other heart.

How is it in the family? Does not the parent know just how each child feels in the morning, by a glance at his countenance? How invariably a happy heart sparkles out through the eye, and beams in every lineament of the face! But that scowl on the brow, what is the import of that? Every parent knows full well its meaning, and he must tread softly or he will inflame passions that are surging in the heart. That cloud is a signal which the heart hangs out, a flag that a rebellious spirit flings to the breeze in defiant recklessness.

The Christian graces, too, often leave lines of light in the countenance. Meekness, humility, who has not traced these and kindred virtues in the face of the devoted saint? Eminent spirituality seldom fails to reveal itself in this way. He who is frequently in communion with heaven, and sincerely so, carries another countenance than he would to hold intercourse with the opposite realm. How true, then, that "the countenance is a tell-tale!" It tells what the heart does.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

"O, To be Nothing."

The religious life is characterized by humble dependence. A true Christian yields himself unto God, and all his members are "instruments of righteousness unto God.

Before his conversion the apostle Paul was conceited and self-sufficient. He was confident that in persecuting the Christians he was doing God's service: he hurried to Damascus breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Nazarene. Even after his conversion he was self-reliant and independent in all his actions toward men. But how greatly did his attitude toward Christ change as he grew in grace. When arrested at the gate of Damascus by the light from heaven his inquiry was, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" He is not yet the humble Christian that he at length becomes. Not long after, he declares, "I am not the least of the apostles that am not meet to be called an apostle." By and by, as he grows in grace, he cries out, "I am less than the least of all saints;" and just before his martyrdom, when he had nearly gained the measure of the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, his exclamation was, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief!" There is no hint of apostleship, or saintship, or of the value of his personal services to Christ. Thus does his humility mark his spiritual growth. When he was weak, then he was strong; when for him to live was not to manifest Paul but Christ, then was he the true model of the Christian disciple.

In this day of wonderful activity, when man has learned to assert his mastery over the elements, there is great danger of forgetting the dependence upon God. Christians are prone to trust to outward activities for spiritual life and growth, to membership in Christian associations and to union in Christian effort, and to external labors for the Church of Christ. All of these are good and useful in their place, but none of them can supply us with the strength which we need, nor fortify us against temptation. It is only by daily intercourse with Christ, only by grasping his hand and leaning upon his arm, and yielding ourselves to his guidance that we can walk safely and surely in a path which shineth more and more unto perfect day. Those plants which climb the highest multiply their tendrils and twine them frequently around every point of support; and so must those who would climb heavenward in a holy and beautiful life, put forth the frequent tendrils of prayer and communion with God and thus bind their souls with many subtle and delicate threads to the Redeemer. Otherwise these outward activities, which engage so much attention, will be like the great growth of leaves, which overweighs the vine and tears it from its fastenings, to swing, the sport of winds and the victim of storms.

It is just in proportion as we yield ourselves unto God that he blesses and makes us useful. It is truly said, "there are no vessels that God delights so much to fill as humble and contrite hearts." "He resisteth the proud and giveth grace unto the humble."—Sel.

What Has Infidelity Done?

Has infidelity ever raised a man or woman from the haunts of vice, and made a sinful life clean? Has it ever taken a drunkard from the gutter, the gambler from his cards, the fallen from a life of shame? Has it ever found a man coarse and brutal in character and life, and made him a kind husband and faithful father? Has it ever gone out into the heathen land and found a people ignorant and barbarous, delighting in arapine and murderer and by the power of its teachings lifted them out of their degredation, until they adopted the custom of civilized nations? Has it ever written down languages. translated literature, prepared textbooks, planted schools, established academies, seminaries, colleges, and universities? Has it ever founded hospitals, builded asylums, established orphanages, and brought blessings to the poor, the sick, the maimed and the blind? What discoveries has it made? What improvements has it introduced? Is there in all the history of infidelity a story of its moral triumphs that will match the regeneration of the Fiji Islands under the labors of the missionaries? Has it added anything to the sum of human happiness? Does it bring one ray of comfort into the chamber of death, filling the soul of the dying with peace, and the heart of weeping friends with hope? The religion of Jesus Christ has done all these things. "The tree is known by its fruits." Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Does infidelity bear figs or thistles?—SELECTED.

It is the lot of genius to be opposed, and to be invigorated by opposition.

It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expenses of others.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion and godliness.

The boy whose highest ambition it is to equal his father, seldom amounts to anything.

Anger is blood, poured and perplexed into a froth; but malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

The Old Testament is the water-shed of the New. These deep springs, which irrigate and fructify the New Testament church, took their rise from the mountains of Judea, and descended, like the volume of the Nile, to fertilize and fructify the landscape around it.—Gordon.

Defaulting Stewards.

I believe that the Lord supplies us with all the means necessary for every demand, he may make on us, for religious, benevolent, and charitable purposes. Now if we spend a portion of that trust fund for tobacco, intoxicating beverages, or any other useless thing, are we not wasting the Lord's treasure placed in our keeping? So that when the Lord makes a demand on us, through his proper agents, for a portion of that trust fund, for missionary, or for any other christian enterprise, and we have wasted a large portion of the Lord's loan on our own lusts, in useless and injurious indulgences, and the treasury is empty, and we plead poverty, are we not guilty defaulters? And such being the case, how do those stand who traffic in, and furnish those useless, injurious and demoralizing commodities? And into whose coffers have passed that portion of the Lord's trust fund, squandered by the unfaithful stewards, tempted through the traffickers, for the very purpose of obtaining that money.

JOHN HARLEY.

Pottstown, Pa.

A Strange Funeral.

One day a missionary lady, walking through the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, saw hundreds of people collected in one of the streets. As she drew nearer she found that the funeral of a wealthy Chinese merchant was in progress. A large canopy had been erected on the sidewalk, extending into the street, and upon this were placed the offerings for the dead. And what do you think these were? Three large rosted pigs, five pyramids of oranges, platters of rice and meat, cakes, confections, wines and tea. At one end of this canopied platform were crouching upon their knees the three wives and five children of the dead man, also five hired mourning women, who were weeping and wailing in pretended grief.

A long line of carriages made up the procession, which, at length, started; but the wives and children were not permitted to ride in a carriage—they were stowed away in an old express wagon.

The idea was that their grief was too great to permit them to ride comfortably to the funeral.

What a painful thought it is that these poor people, though in a Christian land, should not have the unspeakable comfort of trusting in the blessed Saviour in their time of sorrow! They have never in all their lives, heard words so sweet as these:

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Woman's Missionary Advocate.

Selfish Daughters.

The daughter never stops to think that once her mother enjoyed the sparkle of society and gave it up, because the timid, shrinking, self-conscious woman that she is, for her daughter's sake. She only tosses it off with a careless air. "Mother does not care for society, somehow." She does not know that her mother has lost the art of graceful dress in forgetfulness of self, because her heart was not large enough to contain both herself and her daughter, and shoots the careless arrow into her mother's heart. "I wish, mother, you wouldn't dress so dreadfully old fashioned!" She does not know that the mother has closed for herself the library and the music-room forever—too late now to re-open them—that she might give the key of both to her child, who to her companions utters the contemptuous sneer, "Mother is such a drudge! I believe she never reads a book, and I don't believe she knows the difference between Beethoven and Wagner." I see the mother's dream shattered, as most of our dreams are, by the hard realities of life, and she toiling on in the kitchen and chamber, and wearily waiting until the rest shall come; while the careless girl, to whom she would have given so much, but by the idolatry of her love has given so little, lives as a guest for mother to serve, unpaid by the only wages that can ever pay for such services—a cordinal recognition, a hearty sympathetic cooperation, and rewarding love.—STAR.